spider, web

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Summary

Tony talks like he's painting a masterpiece, and Sid doesn't talk at all.

Notes

written for youremyqueen's prompt at lesoleilluna's skins ficathon: *tony/sid, i love when you tell me not to speak.*

Tony talks like he's painting a masterpiece, these long golden sweeps, these bursts of red, this picture he's clobbering together that seems just a mess of color and sound until the end, the end product, you know? And then it's—it's fucking beautiful, yeah. Tangible, like something stuck in your throat or honey in your chest or water dripping, one drop of water dripping from Tony's lip when he lifts his head up from the drinking fountain. Wet lips. The bottom one hangs open, the inside soft. It's the kind of thing you notice.

Sid's just the opposite, see, he just, he like—*stutters* and everything, and he can never seem to get out just what the fuck it is he's trying to say, like, *What you have to do with functions is substitute the number in the parentheses for every x in the problem*, only instead it comes out all like, *There's like—it's like f times this, right? But it's not really, it's f of x, except it's not x it's actually a number, and so you have to—you have to like—*

And *I don't really* want *to fuck just anyone, is the thing* comes out like *Tony, I'm not—are you—oh for God's sakes, fuck it*. And *why don't you ever fucking* feel *anything, huh, Tony? do you even fucking care at all?* comes out like not at all, and always ends with "Shut up, Sid."

Which, like, he does. Easy. Easy-peasy.

Sometimes Sid thinks it's *because* he's so fucking inarticulate that he's best friends with Tony. Don't they always say that like, whatever you're the worst at is what you admire most in other people? Yeah, that's like—that's really true with him, and Tony. Everybody loves to hear Tony spin this cotton candy web of words but nobody loved it like Sid did at first. He was in awe of it, really, because he could never come fucking *close*, and it's so like—it was like…*mesmerizing*, kind of. In the beginning.

And the thing is, you'd think Tony'd tone it down a little when he's around just Sid, you know, like, switch off the weird little part of his brain that's always manipulating people in the strangest ways, playing an angle or whatever, but he doesn't. And sometimes Sid is used to that. And sometimes being used to it isn't enough.

“Girls,” Tony says one time in Sid’s room, leaned back against the bedpost as he passes Sid a joint, “are like dogs, in a way.” He stretches his legs out across the rough carpet, crosses one ankle over the other, and Sid puffs in a drag, watching, silent. “All they really require,” a little bit of that familiar snigger creeping into his all-knowing tone now, “is a little proper care and feeding now and again. Some chocolates, some compliments. Studded collar and the like.” Sid can hear the sound of him breathing in—Tony always does it like a show, this giant swoosh of inward breath. “That’s all it takes for them to follow you around for as long as you like. Only difference is,” and without turning his head he hands Sid the spliff again, long pale fingers brushing Sid’s. They’re kind of feminine fingers, Tony’s. Just a bit. “The dog doesn’t whinge at you if you don’t call after you fuck it.”

Tony’s head falls back. He closes his eyes. Takes Sid a minute to register what he’s just said.

“Tha’s nasty, mate.”

“Is it?” Tony shoots back, quick, always quick. He never really seems to be high, even when he definitely is—he’s like that, Tony. Never drunk, either. Never anything. “The way I see it,” he says, and with no small amount of effort Sid turns his head onto one shoulder, tries to focus his gaze on Tony’s face, ends up staring at Tony’s lips while he talks, the red curl of them, the wet insides of his mouth and the tip of his tongue tracing outer skin. He’s got a really round mouth, Tony. Sid wonders suddenly, one of those thoughts you only have when you're high, one of those thoughts he'd only like to have when high, if the rumor to do with Maxxie is true. “’Chelle’s like a dog.”

Sid frowns then, turns his head, and that’s when Tony grins straight at him with total abandon, yeah, grins like a dog, and—and that’s just it, isn’t it. He was, he must've been building up to that as a sort of a punchline, to like, to like take the piss out of Sid ’cause he *knows*, of course, how he feels about Michelle. Tony knows everything.

And Sid wants to say something, but he just *can’t*, you know? Tony knows what he can get away with by now, and if he's not careful, which he never is, it'll end with "Shut up, Sid."

Ever since Sid was little, or like, whatever, ever since he met Tony, he's done this thing where he like, stares at Tony's mouth while he's talking, like. He's supposed to be making eye contact, yeah? And most of the time he remembers halfway through and he breaks off and stares wide-eyed into Tony's gaze but like, it's like. There's something hypnotizing about it. About Tony talking. Like, talking's what he *does*, you know? It's his gift in life, he talks and people listen to him. He could fuck over the world if he wanted to. Sometimes Sid thinks he does.

But anyway, it's like—Tony's lips. The top one's got this dip in the middle like out of a magazine, and the lower one's always jutted out kind of further than it should be, so you can see the inside of it, purple veins, velvet, kind of. Sometimes Sid catches sight of just the inside of one cheek, or his tongue for just a minute, and then there's all these like images that go with that, Tony's mouth.

And Tony knows, man. Tony knows everything. That's why whenever he whispers "Shut up, Sid," he does it really fucking close to Sid's ear, leans in close like he's about to say something *other* than those three crushing syllables, the inside of his lips brushing warm against the lobe, sometimes teeth, sharp, catching—

He's said it a lot, Tony. You know. "Shut up, Sid."

Tony doesn't love Michelle, and Sid's always known that. Chelle's the prettiest girl at the ball and for that reason and that reason alone—some other reasons—maybe—only sometimes—she belongs to Tony, but he doesn't love her, there's not a thing about her he wouldn't trade in the second a hotter girl to fuck came around. And Sid loves her, okay, he really fucking loves her. It's always been that way, and he's gotten used to it being that way, but this—this—to have Tony practically *give* her to him, the smell of her hair beneath his nose, her slender hands grasping at his shoulders as they danced—she was *Sid's* until the moment Sid realized she wasn't. She was Tony's. She was always Tony's. He never should have doubted it for a second.

And all of that's—all of that's *fine*, okay, it's whatever. So he loves Michelle and Tony doesn't and Tony treats her like shit, it's fine. So Tony made him believe he could have her, so Tony swooped in at the

last second to steal her back because that'd always been the plan, because he always gets what he wants, that's fine. So Tony doesn't love Michelle. So Tony doesn't love anybody, Sid's always known that.

The problem is—the *real* problem here is that Sid's starting to think Tony doesn't love *him*.

Tony comes around afterwards, feigned apologies on his apple lips (Sid can tell they're fake because there's a smirk there, with Tony there's always a smirk there, even when he's apologizing).

"Sorry, mate," he says in Sid's doorway, leaned into the frame like he belongs there, "didn't mean to get your feelings hurt or some such. But, you know. Man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, huh Sid?" and he kicks in, sprawls out on Sid's bed and smirks that smirk up at the ceiling. Sid twirls in his chair, blinks haphazardly; there's a thousand words wrestling around inside his head, he wants to say *you know what? Fuck you, Tony*, and he wants to say *why can't you just treat her like she deserves, Tony, why can't you* (and he wants to say *Tony, please, man, c'mon, do you love me? do you do you do you do you love me?*). But he can't, he fucking can't say any of that because he's fucking incompetent, he's a fucking idiot, Tony's always saying so anyway, he —

"Besides," Tony goes on, sits up and leans forward on the edge of Sid's bed so his knees press into Sid's, and he's—he's got this look on his face. Sid knows it so *fucking* well by now, *here's Sid the fucking twat and he ought to hear it in the most condescending way possible because he's that much of a fucking twat*, "you never *really* thought you'd get to fuck 'Chelle, did you, Sid? I mean, come on," and he quirks his head, knocks Sid's knees with one of his own, and licks his lips. He kind of knows Sid'll be looking. "Not missing much though, mate," he grins. "She's got *miserable* tits, man. No arse to speak of. Always wants to fucking *cuddle* afterward. And she's *whiny*, and she's—"

"Shut it, shut it, just fucking—shut *up*!"

And to be honest Sid—to be perfectly honest a part of Sid expects

what happens next to happen next: Tony leaning forward till his face is close to Sid's, resting elbows on his knees; grinning, slow. Sid suspects this is what Tony's been waiting for, been drawing it out of him by talking shit about Michelle because he's good at running people round like that, because if there's anything Tony's good at which is silly because Tony's good at everything but if there's anything, if there's one thing Tony's good at it's getting what he wants.

Tony says, "Make me," and Sid kisses him. It's rough, his hand pulling hard at the back of Tony's neck to keep him there, feeling soft flesh yield at the sharp dig of his fingers, and the hair at the nape of Tony's neck. Tony breathes in sharp just as their lips hit and his lips curl up, teeth clashing, messy, but it's still Tony's *mouth*, Tony's mouth that shapes words like drawing out music, Sid's tongue shoving into Tony's wet cheek he'd only caught glances of before, Tony's lips still and then moving almost immediately, sucking Sid's bottom lip between his teeth, tongue tracing the roof of his mouth. It's *Tony*, it's the Tony he's been watching for years kissing him now, yanking on his hair till he stumbles out of his chair and pushes him back onto the bed, breathes rough into Tony's wet open mouth, dripping spit. He pulls away for just a second and there's this *image*, gray-white sunlight pouring in to light up Tony's flushed red face, the blush on his stupid high cheekbones and his perfectly fucking quaffed hair all fucked-up and his *lips*, his fucking red lips hanging open in the most obscene picture, and it's like, it's like *god*, Sid really wants him never to talk again, just wants him to stay like that and never fuck anything up with his stupid mouth again.

"Suck me off," Sid exhales, kind of breathless, "just fucking—suck me off, you bastard. Fucking—fucking shit. You fucking arsehole. Fucking—"

Tony's already turned them over and is crawling down Sid's body, working open his zipper in this completely matter-of-fact way and watching him breathe deeper, and he pulls Sid's cock out of his boxers and works it once, twice with his fucking *hands*, Sid looking down and watching Tony's eyelashes brush his cheeks as he focuses, and he's not—he's not expecting Tony to look up with level eyes, whisper "Shut up, Sid," before licking a long clear stripe from shaft to tip.

Sid closes his eyes. He can feel Tony's mouth around him, no, can feel his cock in Tony's mouth, all of it—bucks his hips up, more, more. Tony makes a gagging noise and Sid hardens behind Tony's teeth at the sound, pushes deeper, wants his cock down Tony's throat, wants

Tony gagging, spluttering, stuttering, speechless, silent, fucked—

"Gonna cum," says Sid, clearly, soundly, simply. Tony's looking up at him like, *What do you want to do next—?* and Sid grits his teeth, turns a hand to the back of Tony's head, presses down. Cums down his throat.

Tony swallows. Lifts his head. In the sunlight he almost looks calm, almost lovely, almost soft before he opens his mouth to speak.

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